

Historic Houses



M. G.

THE ANTLERS

By Marian Goodman
Sorrento Oaks Park

Lucky is the child who has an attic to explore, and there seem to be very few attics lying around these days. They are either made into apartments or rooms, often for renting, and leaving a much

smaller space for storage, sometimes just for camping gear or skiing equipment between seasons.

The huge house on Broadway at Cayuga must have had an entrancing attic at one time, and story goes that one owner named Lorentzen also

used the attic as a stepping-stone to the roof (via stairway).

He loved to fly flags from the top of his castle, and it must have been a rather hazardous journey carrying his paraphernalia with him.

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structed to him after one warning when there is a violation and the violation repeated. The rules fundamentally are based on courtesy to one's opponent and by enforcing them new members will be instructed and all players will be trained so as to be ready for the tournaments when no warnings will be given before penalties are inflicted.

The Antlers

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He would fly Old Glory on July 4th of course, but that was easy. He seemed to regard this part of the house as his own private fortress where he could let any emblem he liked fly in the breeze, and he was always looking for some event for an excuse to hang out something.

In addition, at Christmas time he saw to it that there was a wreath decorating every last window (and there are many), and every wreath had to have a light in the center, as well.

This unique building has an interesting history, and while it is now lived in by assorted people (recently known as The Antlers) it was once home to the Countess de Stirling for a short time, and in another period it was a home for alcoholics seeking a cure. The Keeley Cure was a method to help alcoholics overcome their drinking habits.

Another story says the it hardly seems big enough for such a use. Anyway it made a dandy home.

Dr. Ethel Watters (who loved the attic) came here as a small child in 1898 when her family bought the place. The first thing her mother did, she said, was to have the house painted white with green trim. It had already been neglected, and the fresh paint must have made it look especially new and neat.

The second thing the lady trees in front. She loved a thriving garden, and there was plenty of room to expand here. The only neighboring structure was a dairy.

The palms were doing their duty and growing fast when a stray herd of dairy cows ambled by one foggy morning and spied the young palms. Maybe the cows were near-sighted, or the fog got in their eyes, but they nibbled the tender palms down to nubbins before they moved on. However the palms lived through it and are now almost landmarks, they are so big.

In the early spring of 1906, an aunt and uncle from the East Coast visited Santa Cruz, and enjoyed seeing all the sights, including the beaches, the parks, and especially the flowers blooming in the warm climate.

They thought it was great, and the uncle leaned back in his chair one evening and remarked that it had been wonderful. They had seen so much, in fact everything but a

When he heard his remark just right. Next morning the earth shook and twisted and he got the supreme treatment. He was so scared he ran out in the street in his birthday clothes.

It was a good thing their visit was over; it would have been a tough act to follow.